

## The Tragedy of Hamlet

*All.* Gentlemen.

*Hora.* Good my Lord be quiet.

*Ham.* Why I will fight with him upon this theam  
Untill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

*Quee.* O my sonne, what theame?

*Ham.* I lov'd *Ophelia*, forty thousand brothers  
Could not with all their quantity of love  
Make up my sum: What wilt thou doe for her?

*King.* O he is mad *Laertes*.

*Quee.* For love of God forbear him.

*Ham.* Swounds shew me what thou't doe,  
Woo't weep, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't teare thy  
Woo't drink up Efill, eat a Crocodile? (selfe,  
Ile doe't: doest thou come here to whine?  
To out-face me with leaping in her grave?  
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I;  
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw  
Millions of acres on us, till our ground  
Cindging his pate against the burning Zone,  
Make *Ossa* like a wart; nay and thou'lt mouth  
Ile rant as well as thou.

*Quee.* This is meere madnesse,  
And thus a while the fit will worke on him;  
Anon as patient as a female Doe,  
When that her golden cuplets are disclos'd,  
His silence will sit drooping.

*Ham.* Heare you sir,  
What is the reason that you use me thus?  
I lov'd you well, but it is no matter,  
Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may  
The Cat will mew, a Dogge will have his day.

*King.* I pray thee good *Horatio* wait upon him.  
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,  
Wee'll put the matter to the present push.  
Good *Gertrard* set some watch over your sonne,  
This Grave shall have a living monument,  
An houre of quiet thereby shall we see,  
Till then in patience our proceeding be.

*Exit Hamlet  
& Horatio.*

*Exeunt.  
Enter*

## Prince of Denmark

*Enter Hamlet*

*Ha.* So much for this sir, now  
You doe remember all the circumstance.

*Hor.* Remember it my Lord.

*Ham.* Sir in my heart there  
That would not let me sleep,  
Worse than the mutines in the  
And prais'd be rashnesse for it  
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us  
When our deep plots do fall,  
There's a divinity that shapes  
Rough hew them how we will.

*Hora.* That is most certain.

*Ham.* Up from my Cabbins  
My sea-gowne scarf'd about me,  
Grop't I to find out them, had  
Finger'd their packet, and in fine  
To mine owne roome againe,  
(My feares forgetting manner  
Their grand Commission, which  
A royall knavery, an exact co-  
Larded with many severall for-  
Importing *Denmarks* health,  
With hoe such Bugs and Gob-  
That on the supervise, no leisu-  
Nonot to stay the grinding o-  
My head should be strooke o-

*Hora.* Is't possible?

*Ha.* Here's the Commission  
But wilt thou heare now how

*Hora.* I beseech you.

*Ham.* Being thus be-netted  
Or I could make a Prologue to  
They had begunn the Play: I ha-  
Devis'd a new Commission, wh-  
I once did hold it, as our Stat-  
A basenesse to write faire, and  
How to forget that learning; b-